

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1926



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE MIRROR-DEMOCRAT PRINT, MT. CARROLL, ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY
ONE DOLLAR [\$1] PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XVIII Mount Carroll, Illinois, October 1926 NUMBER 3

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Entered October 1, 1911, at Mt. Carroll, Ill., as second-class matter, under Act of July 16, 1894

LITERARY

Night

Gradually, the splendor of the
gold sun
Dies away.
Rose-colored sky fades,
And purple dusk
Creeps o'er the land, envelop-
ing all
In a soft mantle,
Soon deepening into velvet
blackness.
Stars, glowing like
Dying embers, steal across
the sky;
And ribbons of white,
Trailing from the silver moon,
gently
Shadow the darkened
world below.
A quiet stillness, serene, un-
known.
A softened beauty—
And night has come.



My Highway

I sauntered down the highway
Just as the day was done,
The right chill came from the valley
With the setting of the sun.

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I thought of other highways
All warm, out in the West,
That lead across the city
To the spot I love the best.

No chill upon those highways
No wish from them to roam,
Is it because those highways
Lead always to my Home?

Reine Driggs Baker, College '28.

Stars

The air is cool and still tonight,
A million stars I see,
Each one a tiny candle-light
Enfolding mystery.

Who knows the secrets that they hold,
Or the stories they must keep?
They have seen the years unfold
And watched all ages sleep.

Bernice Edwards, College '28.

Our Record

Now that we have all become acquainted with each other, and the newness of school routine has worn off, it is time for us to think seriously of the future. We must remember that our teachers are judging us every day by our conduct in class, our ability and desire to learn, and our retention of knowledge.

The name of this magazine should be an inspiration to us throughout the school year. Not only in our studies, but in our entertainments, our friendships, and our sports, we should strive to make a "Record" that everyone would be proud to possess.

School Spirit

I. "School Spirit" is a true enthusiasm for the things that make for the best of the entire school. This enthusiasm should be noticeable in all the student activities; otherwise they become merely self-seeking ones. If one can support any project launched by the school, whether it be for a quieter chapel or a winning team, she has true "School Spirit".

II. To love one's school with one's whole heart, to honor its traditions, to live up to its standards, to strive for its aims, to abide by its laws, and to "back it up" wholeheartedly and earnestly in all that it undertakes—this is to show real "School Spirit". Loyalty is the very core of "School Spirit", and "School Spirit" is the very foundation of a good school.

My First Impressions of Frances Shimer

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I do not believe that I had been expecting to see a second New York, Grand Central Station, but I really was surprised to find myself politely but firmly told by the Pullman conductor that I was now at Mt. Carroll, and to be helped off the train in the middle of the Illinois country-side. I was feeling pretty weak in the vicinity of my knees as the yellow cars rolled by me, one by one, leaving me standing on the edge of a cornfield, with my luggage at my feet, and no town of any description visible. However, when the train was finally past, I picked up hope, for there across the tracks was a station, two taxis, and very collegiate looking blue and red Ford.

The green campus with the red brick buildings and beautiful tree-shaded walks caught my fancy immediately, and I knew that I should soon love Shimer. This inspired me with a new confidence, which lasted through the ordeal of meeting some of the new girls in my hall—meeting new people is always an ordeal for me—through registration, and in fact up to luncheon time, in spite of the drizzling rain outside. However, at luncheon my courage failed me—so many new faces all at once, and horrors of horrors, baked eggs in cream sauce! Not usually fastidious about what I eat, baked eggs in cream sauce I most heartily despise and avoid whenever possible. The remainder of the day was rainy, both inside and out, as far as I was concerned.

Having now been at Frances Shimer School for several weeks, I can look back at these things and laugh. Who couldn't? The very joy of being alive on these fall days, of walking about the campus in the autumn sunshine, of going to classes with renewed zeal after a long vacation, and best of all, of joining the rush to Katy's at three-thirty, spells happiness for any Shimerite.

Betty Smith, 'College '28.

"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding to the New"

No, "Shimer" was not the same.

When I arrived on the ninth of September, I had a feeling of possession overtake me; Shimer was mine. As the taxi wound its way up the front drive, I noticed that the house of the president, which had been merely started in June, was now a beautiful and almost completed home. My sense of possession began to leave me. It was not the same "Shimer".

As the taxi approached College Hall, I felt more at home; and after seeing all of my old friends and arranging my room, I did not want to be any other place in the world.

At dinner, the first changes I noticed were several new faculty members. As I surveyed the table at which I was sitting, some shining new teaspoons almost overwhelmed me! These and new faces everywhere, new girls asking about rules, and old girls exchanging greetings, are all that remain in my mind from that first meal.

After dinner the cry arose, "Mail—who got any mail?" This immediately brought to my mind that there was a new post office. Just out of curiosity, not for any mail, I went to Metcalf to see the post office. I was

quite disappointed to hear that the boxes had not yet arrived and that the mail would be delivered to the hall as before until the new boxes came.

I peered into the former office of the President, and saw that it had been converted into a bank. Banks have never held any charms for me because I neevr seem to have occasion to frequent them. Therefore my stop there was short.

The next morning, I thought it my duty, due to the curiosity of my sex, to inspect the changes in West Hall. Indeed I was surprised to see that there were several new rooms made out of the former apartment of the President and Mrs. McKee; these now furnish abodes for new girls and old.

One fine morning—or was it raining?—we all crowded into the new post office where we were thrilled to receive mail in our own boxes, which bore our room numbers. I entered with high hopes of receiving letters; but as seventy other girls had the same idea at the same moment, and as the door used for exit and entrance was of ordinary width, my purpose was not easily accomplished. However there were no casualties reported.

All in all though, there are many changes since last year, all for a bigger and better "Shimer" and so,

"Give them one more cheer
While we all are here.
A rousing cheer for F. S. S.
Rah! Rah!"

Dorothy Hill.

In Lieu of Paris

"Well, well, well! So Ebon's girl is coming out to see us! Mmmmm!" Pa Krause pushed his silver-rimmed spectacles up over his wrinkled forehead and passed the note he had been reading across to Ma. "Here Sarah—see what you can make of it," he said.

Sarah Krause was a plump little woman who looked exactly as though she were meant to sit behind that old pewter coffeee-pot in the cheery Krause dining-room.

"Well now, won't that be nice," Sarah said. "Poor girl, we're her only relation, now that Ebon's gone. And way off there in——." Sarah had to squint a bit to read the address—"Banescliff-on-the-Hudson, it says."

"Let's see," Pa scratched his grey curls, "we have not seen Johanne since she was just a little shaver, and a right saucy little minx she was, too. Always knew what she wanted all right." Pa chuckled. "Remember, John, when you tried to take her out to see the new hogs we'd got over at the fair? Stubborn little monkey, wouldn't go even if they was the finest Poland Chinas in the country!"

John did remember and John did blush at the memory of the extreme methods that he had employed to make his dainty little cousin appreciate the beauty and importance of the Poland Chinas. "Yah," he smiled,

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"S'pose she's pretty swell by now. Hope we can give her a good time."

"Well, she'll be here tomorrow on the six-thirty," Ma reminded them. "I'll have to air the spare-room bed and take the winter coats out of the east-room closet. You can fetch her, John, when you're in town with the butter."

The evening mail had just slowed up at Wheatville to drop one solitary passenger and one solitary trunk. The trunk, a handsome one with brass trimmings, and the passenger, a small one in a tailored suit, stood on the platform and looked decidedly out of place.

"So this is Wheatville," Johanne thought, as she looked at the red and mustard colored depot and at Schollossinger's general store across from it. "Sunset in Wheatville. This place—depth, serenity! Oh! why did the Eastern Rubber Corporation have to choose this of all years, not to pay dividends!" The sobs would come.

All too plainly before her eyes, Johanne saw the little Frenchman. "Your paintings have life, Mademoiselle—gaiety—but you have not the—what you call it—depth, serenity. Go to Europe, Mademoiselle. Sit in Notre Dame—in Saint Peter's. Drink it in, Mademoiselle—now—and some-day you will paint," and with his low, pleased chuckle, always reserved for the most deserving of his pupils, he had muttered, "Tres bien!" as he looked at her "Sunset on the Hudson."

But it was Wheatville instead of Paris; it was the red and mustard of this ghastly depot, that she was "drinking in", instead of the splendor of Notre Dame. Johanne found her handkerchief and composed herself just in time, for at that moment a figure in blue overalls came around the corner of the station. It was John. "Hello, I'd have known you in China," she sang out gaily.

John smiled sheepishly and took her bag. "I'll fetch the trunk in the morning when I'm up town with the wagon," he said. "The flivver's just around the corner, there."

Johanne smiled softly to herself as she thought of the trunk that so proudly bore seals from the Waldorf and the Blackstone, being submitted to the indignity of a spring wagon.

"Here she is." John pointed out a rather dubious looking conveyance drawn up at the side of the wooden platform. Johanne stepped in and they rattled away.

"How are the pigs, John?" Johanne raised her voice above the racket as the shortwinded little Ford wheezed up a hill.

"Pigs?" John shouted. "Oh, we've got lots of pigs."

A gust of cool wind from a neighboring barn-yard reminded Johanne of her early aversion to pigs, and convinced her that her juvenile decision, so far as they were concerned, was justifiable.

She sat back in the cracked leather eat. She had never dreamed that there could be such peace in the country. Johanne found herself glad that the Ford did rattle to break the almost embarrassing silence. Everything

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they passed seemed so contented; the friendly Collie at his master's gate, the little boy with his gentle-eyed cow, and the girl who waved to them as they passed her on her spirited pony. Somehow, Johanne found herself thinking of her favorite picture—the one she longed to be capable of imitating. She had seen it in a temporary exhibit in Boston. It was a picture of shadows—dark hazy ones—and in their midst, in a pool of light, was a small white figure with its arms stretched up to be the dusky branches of giant trees and a misty sky.

Suddenly the car turned into a lane. There in the fast-growing dusk, Johanne recognized the almost forgotten silhouettes of the old square house, the barn, and the tumble-down creamery. In a second she was in a whirl of greetings. There was Uncle Karl's whiskery kiss, Aunt Sarah's cool motherly one, and a little peck on the cheek from the twins, Katherine and young Karl. Sarah had laid a special lunch of fresh berries and cake on the kitchen table for Johanne and after a little visit and some rather awkward good nights, she took her up to the cool spare bedroom. "You must be pretty tired after coming all that way on the cars," Sarah said. "Now, just have a good rest." And she kissed her niece and left.

Johanne was tired, and after hurried preparations, she climbed into the high four-poster bed to fall asleep almost before the fumes from the lamp had passed away. Her sleep was deep, but through it the strange noises crept and put her mind to wondering. There was the ceaseless song of the crickets, and now and then the gulping croak of frogs. Then there were eons of silence finally broken by a rooster's call and later by Uncle Karl's sonorous voice calling John. But Johanne did not open her eyes until she heard the steady chug-chugging of an engine beneath her window. The room was a flood of sunlight; there were great shafts of golden dust streaming in through the windows and little beams playing across the mirror on the old walnut dresser. Johanne heard a timid tap at the door, and then saw a little pig-tailed head with a shining freckled face. "Come in, Katherine," Johanne smiled.

Katherine tip-toed across the carpet and deposited upon the washstand the shining sirup pail of hot water. She was a thin little thing, all eyes and legs and arms. Katherine could beat any of the neighbor boys in a race to the mail box, but there was a deep, dark secret in her life. It was two free samples of freckle-cream. These and the necessity of keeping their arrival secret, had often spurred her on on the contests to the corner. Now she watched Johanne's toilet with interest. Nail polish and rouge were all so new to her. She at once resolved to order more free samples.

Johanne found the family already seated when she and Katherine descended the closed staircase into the dining room. Pa Krause sat at the head of the table pouring out amber sirup on big pancakes. Pa stopped, when the girls were seated, and Ma asked a simple blessing over the steaming coffee-cups.

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Johanne felt a queer warmth come over her as she answered their happy good mornings. It was so different from Baneschiff; not that Johanne did not have friends there, but there was something in the genuineness of their greetings that opened a new world for her.

After breakfast Johanne learned to wash the separator and prepare the vegetables for dinner. With dinner over, she made a batch of cookies which turned out remarkably well for the first attempt. "Beginner's luck, Aunt Sarah," she sang out as she took the last tray from the scorching range. "I always have it," and she thought of her first sketches and gave a little sigh for Europe and all that it was to have meant to her.

About five o'clock, Ma Krause began to get supper and after supper she said to Johanne, "You'd better go on out to the West pasture. You haven't had a minute today even to think of your painting. It's not too late even now to see the tail end of the sunset. Katherine will help me with the dishes."

Johanne thanked her and left. She had been waiting for this opportunity. "Of course there won't be a thing worth painting," she thought, "but it will be good to get away for awhile."

The cool evening air soothed her tense face and the distant call of the whip-poor-will fell softly upon her city-trained ears. Johanne followed the narrow path down to the pasture gate, and there, just as Sarah had said, was the "tail end" of the sunset. It had always seemed to Johanne that the setting sun was a sacred thing. Perhaps it was a song or a poem she had heard that had unconsciously influenced her, or maybe the idea was original, but the setting sun had always seemed to Johanne to be the blending of all the colors of the earth. There was the poppy's crimson, the larkspur's blue, and the violet's tint, all blended with the silver of a moon-lit lake. Silly, sentimental thought she always said to herself, but she loved to think about it.

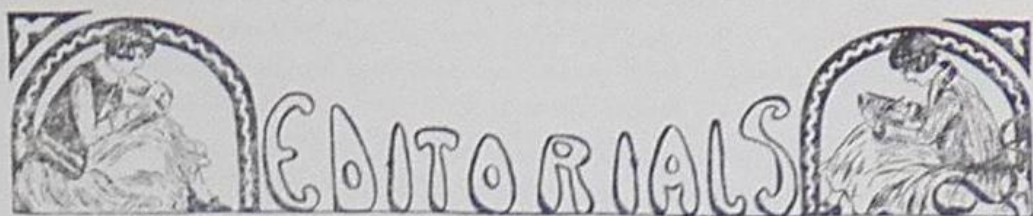
A soft wind ruffled her hair, and then all was quiet. Johanne felt again the queer happiness and warmth come over her. For a second she thought of Europe—Notre Dame, Saint Peter's—but somehow they had lost their charm. With a sudden movement she flung her hands up to the heavens. "I will paint with feeling and I will learn it here. My old master is a great artist, but he was wrong about cathedrals. They are cold stones and it is the warmth of the setting-sun and the friendliness of God's live world that will give me the serenity I have been looking for."

Back at the house Sarah was lighting the lamps. Pa Krause was reading this paragraph from the Crawfordsburg Weekly:

"Miss Johanne Krause, daughter of the late Ebon Krause, arrived yesterday from Baneschiff, New York, to spend the summer with her uncle, Karl Krause and his family. Miss Krause is a very talented young lady and her visit is the object of much interest in the community."

"Mmmmm—well, well, well, some girl, she is some girl."

Hazel Voltmer, College '28.



Editorials

In the many walks of life to which co-operation may be applied, there is only one with which each of us is directly concerned at present. It is co-operation in school life—in the class room, on the hockey field, or in the entire student body.

Our class attitude is of greatest importance, for we are not the sole judges of our co-operation, but our instructors judge us, as well, and finally the grades make the point more emphatic. We should strive for more than the mark or the instructor's judgment; it should be a more abstract something—satisfaction. Almost any girl will frankly admit that she is far more satisfied with herself when she has added something to the recitation, than when she has gone to the class room and tried only to register intelligence and to absorb what others have offered to the class discussion. If you are ready to give as well as to take, you will improve yourself and benefit others.

The work on the hockey field, and co-operation in the student body with the team are both as worthy of consideration as are effort and co-operation in the class. There is more than the glory of playing the game and the fellowship that is gained. It is the spirit of willingness and a desire to work in harmony with others that is most valuable, so let us all try to practice team work and co-operation.

A Snob

Are you a snob, or are you one of those people who possesses a charm and a pleasing personality, capable of making any one feel welcome and at ease when she is in your presence? There are snobs in every class of society and in every place that people come in contact with one another, but they gain nothing by snobbishness, and often times they lose a great deal by assuming that unpleasant air.

We may say that there are snobs about us at all times, but in reality, especially among young people, many of these people have no intention of being snobbish, but they are trying to assume an air of sophistication, which often times amounts to haughtiness and insolence. And why is it that people make this mistake? Most commonly it is only because the foolish young things do not know how to create the impression that they are sophisticated. It is probably not part of their motives to stand aloof from others and to give the impression that they feel themselves far superior.

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And, after all, there is nothing gained if one does succeed in making herself a snob. Wherever the snob may go she is soon marked as being such and is no longer wanted, for she not only holds herself in restraint, but everyone in her presence, as well.

Undoubtedly, many a person may give the impression that she is snobbish when first introduced to a stranger, but this may be accounted for by the fact that she is keen and scrutinizing in her judgment of people, and wishes not to make the mistake of being too willing and free with her friendship the first time. Such a person generally proves to be the most loyal and welcome friend, for everyone realizes that her friendship is not cheap.

As there are snobs in all walks of life, so we must have snobs among us, but if every one on campus would try to guard against snobbishness in herself, she would soon find that she is much more welcome among others and better satisfied with herself.

On Receiving Mail

Who would ever guess that there had always been such a thing as mail and that it had always been delivered to every village, town, and city, when he sees the post office at Frances Shimer School? He would have reason to think that the mail was a miniature model, exhibiting the latest Paris fashions in each tiny pigeon-hole compartment, and that we were idle window-shoppers such as amble along Michigan Boulevard in Chicago. Twice daily this stormy enthusiasm is at its height in the vicinity of the post office, and no matter how desirous one may be of receiving his mail, unless she is in the mood to be pushed and shoved about, the post office is not the place for her.

Upon coming to the door of the post office the first thing to do is to stand on your tip-toes (someone else's may be closer) and crane your neck to try to catch a glimpse of your box. Probably the first attempt will be unsuccessful, for a dozen or more people may be bobbing about in front of you, but if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Now if you have caught sight of something in your box, while being pushed from side to side in the anxious crowd, you will probably have decided long before reaching the window who the letters are from, yes, and why don't the girls ahead of you move faster? The line seems to be at a stand-still.

At last you reach the window and give your number; the mail is given you (if it is all for your room mate, never sigh, for sometime she will wait in line for you,) and you begin to thumb the letters to see from whom each one is. When you have your mail in your possession, you are satisfied, but forgetting others that are waiting, you slowly grope your way from the post office, reading your letters as you go.

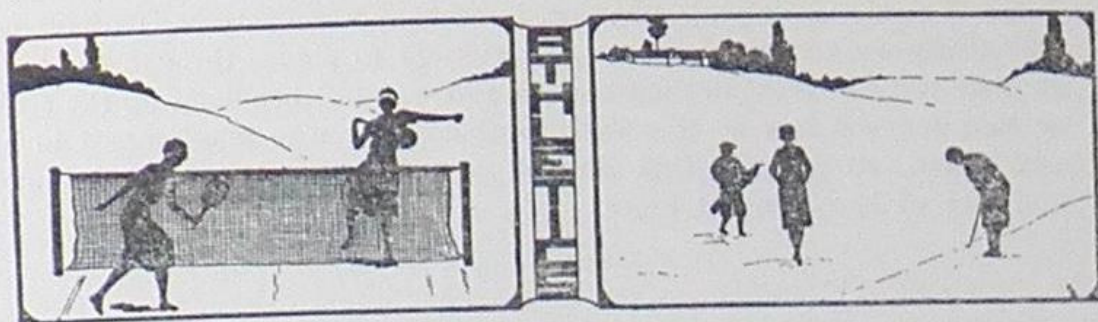
Of course, if it is the morning's mail that you are after, and if you have a class that hour, you will not linger all the way to read your mail.

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You will secure your mail and turn to make a hasty retreat; perhaps you will madly rip an envelope open and attempt to glance through the letter on your way to class, and most likely you will fall headlong up the stairs or find yourself face to face with some one else who is engrossed in her own letter. At last you find yourself seated in the classroom, absolutely unaware of how you got there.



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Athletic Association

We should have a wonderful A. A. this year because—well—Helen Grobbin is president—enough said. Assisting her, we have Myra Polacheck for vice president, Edith Warner for secretary, and Bernice Taylor for treasurer.

The heads of sports for the year are as follows:

Hockey	Katherine Steinaker
Volley-ball	Miranda Ramsey
Golf	Gertrude Dreesman
Tennis	Jane E. O'Boyle
Basketball	Alice Frances Nelson
Dancing	Ruth Peterson
Recorder of points	Margretha Rabeler
Baseball	Marguerite Fenske
Hiking	Beth Hower

Managers of the Hockey teams are:

College	Sophy Perry
Academy	Josephine Barnes

Hockey

In spite of the weather—rain and no sunshine—hockey is progressing as well as ever. There are a bunch of new girls out, among whom are some very good players. It looks as though neither College nor Academy is going to suffer for lack of players when the time comes for picking teams. There is a great deal of discussion as to which side is going to have the best team but time will tell—and so will Thanksgiving Day!

Golf and Tennis

Tennis just cannot be listed as one of the fall sports this year, as the weather has prevented the use of the courts. Golf is working out better this fall than ever before as a new system is being tried out—the girls go out every fifteen minutes and report when they have made the rounds.

Volley-Ball

Something new this year in the way of fall sports: Volley-ball. The volley-ball field is out by the hockey field, and although the volley-ball

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rolls over on the hockey field very often, the game is being enjoyed by those who are out for it.

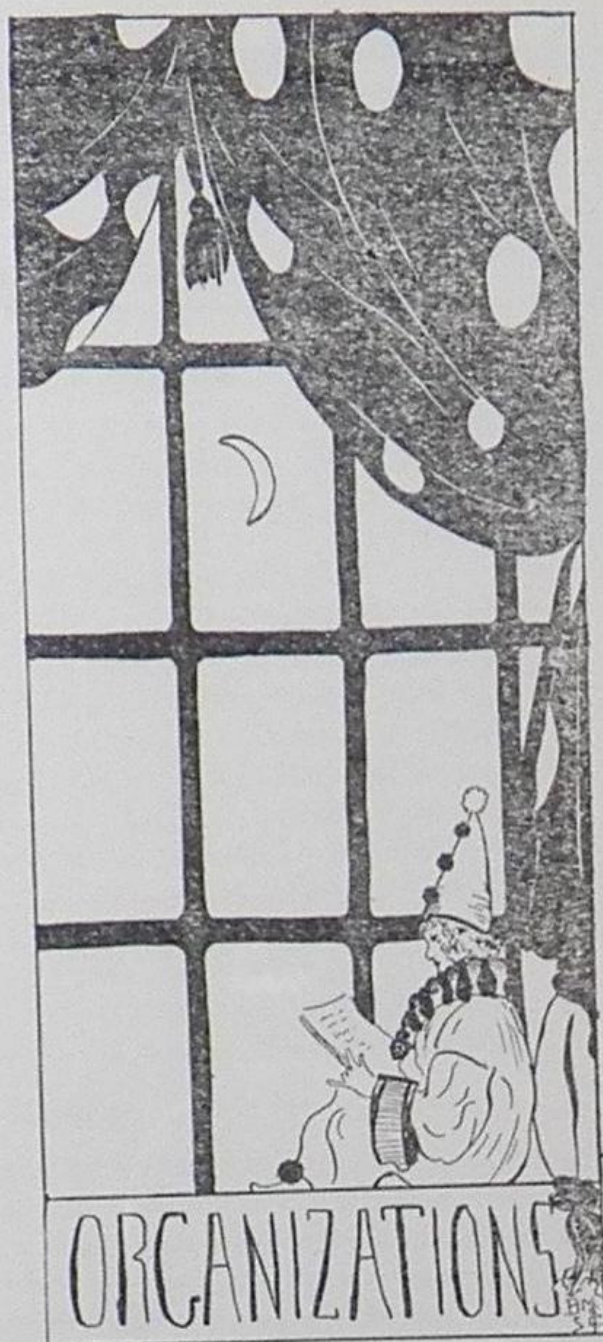
In spite of the fact that there has been a change and everyone takes gym after school now, the attendance at the various sports has been good and each sport seems to have its own enthusiastic followers.



Y. W. C. A.

Every girl on campus is invited to become a member of the Y. W. C. A. at Frances Shimer. Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 6:45 in the Lounge. At these meetings various problems of life are discussed and ways in which these can be met. The discussions are interesting and are attended by a large number of girls.

Last spring the following officers and cabinet members were elected for this year: President—Reine Baker; Vice President and chairman of the membership committee—Jane O'Boyle, Secretary and chairman of the Publicity Committee—Josephine Barnes; Treasurer and chairman of the Frances Shimer Committee—Emily Reed; Chairman of the Meetings Committee—Helen Grobber; Chairman of the Social Service Committee—Louisa Soisson; Chairman of the World Fellowship Committee—Edith Carris; Chairman of the Social Committee—Anita Ely. The advisory board consists of Miss Fortna, Miss Luenzman, Miss Higgins, Miss Morrison, Miss Peters, Miss Downing, Miss Thoreen, and Mrs. McKee.



Club Night

The first Club Night of the year was Saturday evening, September eighteenth. There were eleven clubs organized, each one under the sponsorship of a faculty member. Because of the variety of clubs there was

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to pick from, each girl was able to find one whose purpose would interest her. This is the first year that it has been compulsory to join a club and that all of the clubs on campus have met on the same night. It is hoped that, on these Saturday nights, each one will gain some practical knowledge at her club, and will enjoy the evening.

Arts and Crafts Club

The Arts and Crafts Club, at the first meeting, elected Olive Smith, President; and Mary Ann O'Boyle, Secretary and Treasurer. This semester, with the help of Miss Fortna, we have decided to make lamp shades and weave baskets. Then next semester we will make leather articles.

Current Poetry Club

The current Poetry Club met in Miss Pollard's room in McKee. No officers were elected, but it was decided that a committee would be appointed to take charge of the meetings. Miss Pollard will read the poems we select. She read "The Everlasting Mercy" by Masfield, as our first poem. After reading the poem she served refreshments.

Science and Mathematics Club

The Science and Mathematics Club met in Hathaway parlor under Miss Downing's supervision. From a membership of eight girls the following officers were elected temporarily:

President—Dorothy Johnson.

Vice President—Bernita Adams.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miriam Boozer.

Two committees were chosen to arrange the program for the year and to draw up the constitution.

The Travel Club

The Travel Club of Frances Shimer was organized under the supervision of Miss Morrison. Plans for the coming year, and the election of officers was the only business at the first meeting. The result of the official election was as follows:

President—Marjorie Crane.

Vice President—Wilhelmina Meyer.

Secretary—Carol Ritchey.

Treasurer—Anna Norris.

The aim of the Travel Club is to acquaint the members with places of interest abroad. Miss Morrison will lead us from country to country, following the itinerary of one of her tours through Europe. Each member will be a fact finding commission and will carefully prepare a short interesting lecture on a specified country or place of interest. Light refreshments, characteristic of the country traveled through during the evening, will be served at each meeting.

The Current Fiction Club

At the first meeting of the Current Fiction Club under the advisorship

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of Miss West and Miss Parker, officers were elected and plans for the year made.

The officers are:

President—Louisa Soisson.

Vice President—Jane E. O'Boyle.

Secretary—Helen Grobbs.

Treasurer—Katherine Wasson.

We divided ourselves into groups of fours; each group is to lead one meeting. We plan to read and discuss the latest fiction, and have started plans for obtaining these books.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club made an early start this year by taking in five new girls and by securing the consent of Miss Miller to be their sponsor. These five girls appeared in plays given here last year. Miss Miller comes to us highly recommended and we feel honored with her as our advisor. At the first meeting Edith Warner was elected president; Evelyn Spealman—vice president; and Eleanor Stromer—secretary and treasurer. The first tryouts were held in Hathaway parlor on September 27. The second, and last tryouts were in the chapel on Saturday, October 2. After much deliberation we decided that there are a great number of talented girls here this year. We finally decided on fourteen who, we feel sure, will make a bigger and better Dramatic Club. Their pledge week was from October 10th to the 16th. The informal initiation was in College Hall parlor October 18, and the formal initiation Saturday afternoon, October 23. The old members gave a dinner at Smith's for the fourteen new members on Saturday evening.

Stitch and Chatter Club

The Stitch and Chatter Club was organized in West Hall.

The sponsors are Miss Watkins and Miss Darrow. The officers are as follows: President—Margaret Shoemaker; vice president—Mary Lou McCullough; secretary and treasurer—Ruth Joseph.

The purpose of this club is to form friendships, sew, and learn to carry on conversation.

The sponsors served refreshments before the meeting adjourned.

The French Club

At the first meeting, the members of the French Club elected its officers: President—Kathryn Steiraker; Ann Stevens—vice president; Leonore Smith—treasurer; and Alice Palmer—secretary.

The three members of our club on the program committee are: Vernet White, Evelyn LeMunyon, and Alice Palmer.

We are going to have many interesting programs during the school year. We shall learn French songs, and work on the play, "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on le Parle", and various others.

Before the close of our meeting, hot chocolate was served.







Hostess Club

A group of about twenty girls met together and organized the Hostess Club. Miss Allyne took charge of the meeting. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: President—Raye Robbe; vice president—Eleanor Theide; secretary—Helen Miller; treasurer—Dorothy Mershon.

The Club has been divided into groups, and each one is to have charge of a meeting.

As its advisors the club has Misses Allyn, Peters, Wallace, and Wardwell. The members of the club are very enthusiastic and are looking forward to an enjoyable and profitable year.

Fort Sororae Sorores

The Latin Club with a membership of fifteen girls was organized with Miss Hostetter as advisor. At our first meeting we chose our officers and a name, and discussed plans for future meetings. Miss Hostetter served chocolate in her room in Hathaway Hall after the meeting had adjourned. We are all anticipating some very interesting Saturday nights ahead.

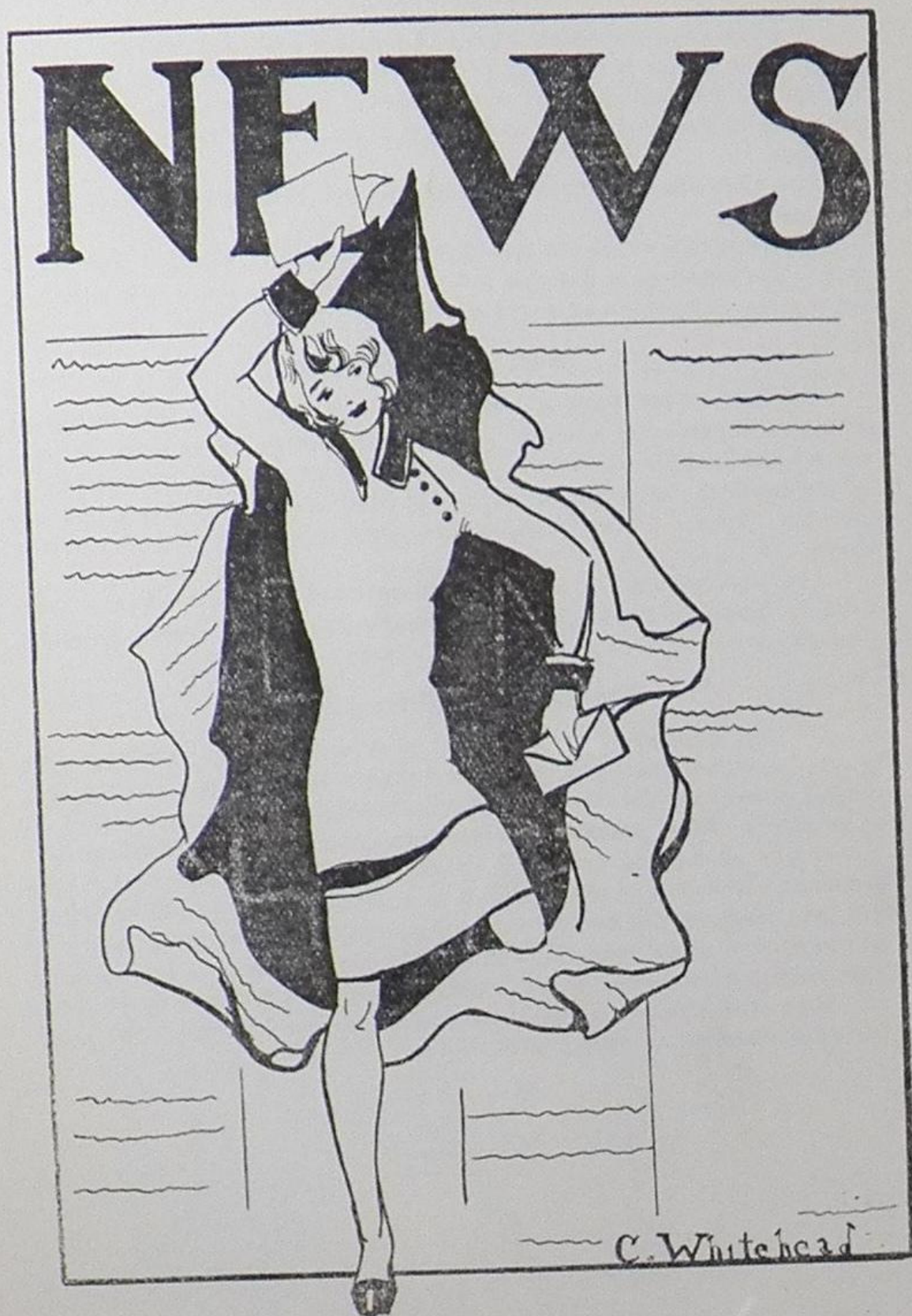
The officers chosen are as follows: Consul (president)—Mary Frances Murray; Pro-Consul (vice president); Beth Hower; Quaestor (treasurer)—Sara Finley; Praetor (secretary)—Sophy Perry.

The League of Women Voters

The first meeting of the League of Women Voters was called to order by the appointed chairman, Frances Guylee. The business meeting was to elect officers for the club. Marguerite Fenske was nominated and elected president; Reine Baker—secretary; and Mary Russell—treasurer.

It was moved and voted upon that the club would not elect a vice president. However, if the president is absent, the next presiding officer will take charge of the meeting. Miss Emerson will act as the advisor and will be present at all meetings. At the last meeting she gave the members some helpful advice about how to conduct a regular meeting in court order.

After Miss Emerson's talk there was no further business. The meeting was adjourned at nine-fifteen.



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The Acquainted Tea

Wednesday afternoon, September the eighth, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members were hostesses at a tea, given in the College Hall parlors, to get acquainted. Although we could remember only a very few names after the tea, we at least knew each other's faces. No doubt many of the first friendships were formed over the tea-cups at the "Get Acquainted Tea".

Movies

On Thursday night, September 9, we had our first movie, William Haines in "Brown of Harvard". Although many of us had seen the show before, we all enjoyed seeing Brown safely through his four years at College. More than one girl lamented the fact that she could not be in Mary's place.

For our second movie on Saturday night, October second, we were very fortunate in having one of the most widely known movies of the year, Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American".

The movie made us realize, as we never had before, the unjust treatment of the Red Man and how rapidly the real American, the Indian, is vanishing from the United States of America.

The Who's Who Party

Our first Saturday night, September eleventh, was spent in College Hall with the Y. W. C. A. helping us to find out "who was who" among the faculty and students of Frances Shimer. When the old girls had arrived with their new girl guests, the faculty formed a line in the ball-room. Reine Baker introduced each girl to President McKee who in turn introduced her to Mrs. McKee—and thus the girls were passed along the line. After this they were divided into groups according to the states they had left not many days before. The stair-landing at the end of the hall served as a stage for the stunts which were representative of each state. More than one faculty member joined in the fun and helped to hold up the reputation of her state. After the stunts ice cream and cake was served. By the time the eats were disposed of, it was time for every girl to go to her room and to think over the good time she had had.

The Marshmallow Roast

Our second Saturday night, September 18, will long be remembered. The traditional Marshmallow Roast was given by the Athletic Association in the Quad between McKee and College Halls.

Soon after the two bonfires were lighted, the girls began to arrive and the ukeleles to strum, and the air filled with songs, old and new. Then we were given marshmallows to roast—and were they good—creamy and soft on the inside, crisp and sometimes a little more than a nice brown on the outside?

When we had had our fill of marshmallows, platter after platter of water-melons was brought out by our hostesses. And I am sure no

"nigger" ever enjoyed his watermelon more than we "Shimerites" did as we stood around the dying embers of the bonfires, eating the water-melon which we knew to be our last for the year.

"Mosaic" Party

Sunday evening, September 19, the old members of the Mosaic Club entertained the new members. Miss Hostetter, who is the head of the Sunday School Department of the Baptist Church, was introduced to the girls by Miss Morrison. The evening was spent socially and all too soon the party was ended by the Vesper bell.

Y. W. C. A. Picnic

Saturday night, October 9, each Y. W. C. A. cabinet member took a group of about twenty girls on a picnic to some pretty spot near Mt. Carroll. All of the groups reported wonderful eats and a wonderful time. After the return of the picnickers, each group gave a stunt in the gym. The stunts were all very clever and original.

Artist Recital at Frances Shimer

Ocasioneing considerable interest, especially among lovers of chamber music, was the appearance Tuesday evening, September 28 of the Heerman String Quartet in Metcalf Hall. Judging by the reputation which preceded them, there was every reason to expect that they are a quartet of unusual power, giving a beautiful and convincing performance.

The recital opened with a most satisfying performance of the Beethoven Quartet in G; the four contrasting movements receiving a wonderfully impressive treatment in the variety of dynamic effects and tonal coloring achieved, and the ability to place the last shade of meaning in a simple melodic figure.

The second group—four Novellettes by Glazounow—afforded even more contrast of grace, dash and brilliancy, in their modern harmonies and free Slavic rhythms.

A restful third group of Folk Songs of various countries completed the program. Though more or less elaborated, these songs of the people lost none of their spontaneity or sincerity at their hands, but retained their innate simplicity.

Travellette

Saturday evening, October twenty-third, we went "Northing to Alaska's Midnight Sun" with Mr. J. Watt Reber. We followed him from Chicago, through the North Dakota Bad Lands, Montana, the Rocky Mountains, to Seattle. Here we went through Tacoma National Park, while we climbed Mt. Tacoma, formerly known as Mt. Rainer. From Seattle to Alaska we traveled by ship through the Inner Channel. The one bank of the channel is the mountainous coast of Canada, the other bank is a chain of islands, stretching along the entire length up the Yukon River, along whose banks were seen glaciers, Indian villages with their totem

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poles, and many towns, deserted since the gold rush of '98. This is the land of the midnight sun. We watched the sun sink closer to the horizon until it was midnight; then it slowly rose again. After seeing the midnight sun we boarded the steamer again and started on the way home.

Frosh Week

On October fourth, Frosh Week began with all the traditional vigor. The preceding evening each Frosh received her orders from her Sophomore. In obedience to these, she appeared on "Quad" at six-thirty Monday morning, attired in skirts seven inches from the ground, middles on backwards, shoes and stockings, anything but mates, hair brushed behind ears and the impossible green caps topping all. First of all came "buttoning"; the Sophs deemed it a proper beginning. Next, all faces were inspected for signs of cosmetics and all noses well rouged. Then at a single word of command, round and round the quad went the Frosh, riding broomsticks and holding umbrellas aloft.

Breakfast time arrived at last but with it came no relief for the Frosh. After "buttoning" the Sophs and Faculty into the dining room, the poor newcomers had to eat with knives, drink with spoons, and serve at the tables.

Monday wore away. All Sophs had the day well planned and all Frosh utilized their time as became their station of humility. "Button, Frosh!" was the salutation of the day; and many a Frosh resorted to knee pads, carefully hidden beneath ruffles and flounces.

Monday night after dinner, the Frosh furnished a "home-talent" orchestra for the Sophs to dance to. Great was the merriment but greater still the music. Betty Smith gave a beautiful costume dance.

Tuesday dawns another six-thirty day. This morning the Frosh entertained with gymnastics and historical dancing—namely, leap frog and Comanche Indian pow-wow. In the class-room on Tuesday, little was known by the green-caps. They must have been a sorry sight—another such a stiff-legged, raw-kneed, weary-eyed group would be hard to find. All skirts were ghastly pale, while in the next seat sat the pampered Soph with bright eyes and peach bloom complexion.

After dinner on Tuesday the Frosh gave a reproduction of last spring's May fete. The whole thing was done in costume.

1. May Queen and attendants.
2. Rendezvous—M. Polacheck—R. Mearns—C. Hamilton.
3. Ballon (broom) dance—M. Plum—K. Beardsley.
4. The Spider—Marguerite Fenske.
5. Fantasy—M. Strong.

Tuesday from nine to nine-thirty the Frosh served a spread for the Sophomores in College Hall.

Wednesday morning the rank and file of the six-thirty "Quad" class had dwindled considerably. More leap-frogging for the Frosh who appeared!

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Wednesday after dinner the Frosh gave several impersonations of Sophomore girls. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of veritable talent in this year's freshman class.

From nine to nine-thirty on Tuesday the Sophomores gave a lovely spread to the Frosh and the two classes were once more on equal footing. The three days of frosh week served as a bond of good-fellowship and a means of making acquaintances.

May the year continue as it has begun!

College Sophomore Notes

Thirty-five members of the College Sophomore class, all except one having attended Frances Shimer School last year, met during the second week of school for the election of officers. Olive Smith was voted vice president; Anna Lee Garrett, secretary; and Wilhemina Meyer, treasurer. We count ourselves extremely fortunate in having Miss Parker as our class counselor. With such a counselor and set of officers, the College Sophomores are going to have some class this year. Watch us!

During "Frosh Week", from October 4th to 6th, the College Sophomores gave the Frosh a chance to show their ability at washing windows, scrubbing floors, and pressing clothes. The two most popular words on campus at that time were "Button, Frosh", heard from all directions and in all manners of voices. I'm sure, though, that the Frosh, who proved to be good sports, had just as jolly a time as the Sophomores did.

Class Night we enjoyed a delicious chicken dinner at Smith's. After the dinner we danced in the gym. All of us had a good time trying to "Virginia Reel" and "Paul Jones".

College Freshman Class Notes

Another school year opens with the Freshman class the largest class in school. Full of energy and ambition, we hope to make this year the best in the history of Shimer. We have come with the full knowledge of the rules of the school and are determined to aim toward Shimer ideals.

The second week of school the first freshman meeting was held. Miss Pollard was chosen counselor, and the following officers were elected: President, Reine Baker; Secretary, Marjorie Strong; Vice President, Frances Cunningham; Treasurer, Marian Hall.

The Senior Class

The Senior class held a meeting on September twenty-fifth in Hathaway Parlor for the election of officers. The following officers were elected: Bernice Taylor, President; Catherine Best, Vice President; Josephine Barnes, Secretary; and Sara Finley, Treasurer. The Senior class feels very much honored, for Miss Siedel has kindly consented to be our counselor. October the sixteenth was class day and we all had a wonderful time at Katy's.

If you will notice you will find the Senior class much changed, but then—we have our privileges to look forward to.

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Although the class is not as large as it was last year we hope to make up in quality that which we lack in quantity.

Junior Class Notes

We, the Juniors, selected our class advisor and officers at a meeting held in September. We were very happy when Miss Higgins consented to be our counselor. Margaret Shoemaker was elected President; Emily Reed, Vice President; Helen Reber, Secretary; and Madeline Mendelsohn, Treasurer. Plans were made for the Prom we gave on Hallowe'en. On the sixteenth of October we went as a class to Katy's for dinner, which, of course, we all enjoyed very much.

Another activity in which almost all of the Juniors are interested is our third year English class club, which is to be known this year as "The Kong Tong". Maurine Bledsoe was elected President for the first month, Margretha Rabaler, Vice President, and Ruth Joseph, Secretary. On October fourth, the club gave a tea in College Hall parlor so that we could get better acquainted. Everybody enjoyed it and I think we really did feel that we knew each other a little better.

Academy Sophomore Class Notes

This year's Sophomore Class promises to be a lively one. All the girls are "up-and-going" Frances Shimerites. As most of them are old girls, it was an easy matter to get acquainted with the few new ones and to start in on business.

About the first week that classes started, the Sophomores were called to a meeting for the purpose of electing officers: Annette Kirby, President; Mona Larsen, Vice President; Mary Ann O'Boyle, Secretary and Treasurer.

On Saturday evening, October sixteenth, the Sophomore class went to Katy's for chicken dinner. After eating until they could hardly get home, they went to Hathaway Parlors where they popped corn, and roasted marshmallows over a roaring fire. It is unnecessary to report that everybody enjoyed Saturday evening as only Sophomores can. Miss Luenzman, who is class advisor, is to be thanked for the greater part of the fun.

Academy Freshmen

At a meeting held Friday evening, September twenty-fourth, Miss Emerson was chosen class counselor, and the following officers were elected: President, Ione Caddick; Vice President, Fern Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Urania Smith. We observed Class Night by having dinner at Katy's and then met in the room of the Class President for games and a general good time.

Hesper Services

September 12—Mrs. McKee at the first vesper service of the year told us the life story of Frances Shimer and the history of the school. And

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who could better tell this than Mrs. McKee, who attended the Mount Carroll Seminary with Mrs. Shimer at its head, and who has been here as the wife of "Our Dean" and watched the School grow? Did not some of the incidents of Mrs. Shimer's life here make us wish we could go back for at least a day and live on the campus with Frances Shimer as our guide. We certainly should all be proud to attend a school with such a wonderful woman as the founder and should try to live up to her ideals.

September 19—The subject of Dr. Cress's talk in Vespers this evening was "Life". He told us the different opportunities that are presented to us and the use we should make of them in preparing ourselves for our future life as the promoters of humanity.

September 26—The Y. W. C. A. took charge of Vespers. Reine Baker gave a short talk on the place that the Y. W. holds in Frances Shimer. Then each cabinet member told about the work that she and her committee will take charge of this year. Miss Morrison reminded us of the fact that nothing can be done without money and that it was up to us to cooperate with the cabinet to make this a successful Y. W. year.

October 3—The subject of President McKee's talk this evening was "Temptation". He told how temptation is in the form of anger, jealousy, idleness, deceit, theft, drink, conceit, and ingratitude. The person with a strong, dependable character is the one who can, by his own will-power, resist temptation, and not the person who has been shielded all his life from temptation and thus been kept pure. It is our resistance to evils that brings out the best that is in us.

After the scripture reading from "Romans" Beth Hower and Miss Siedel, accompanied by Miss Schuster, gave a violin duet.

October 10—Miss Hostetter gave a very interesting talk about the historical places and traditions of Palestine, which she visited last winter. She told about Nazareth, where Jesus lived when a child, Bethlehem, where He was born, and Jerusalem, where the Temple is in which Jesus spoke when a child.

October 17—Dr. John A. Earl, the editor of the "Baptist", spoke to us this evening on the subject of the "Growing of a Soul". His definition of a soul is "the personality of an individual, enriched by a mortal love, endowed with eternal life, in tune with the principles and the purpose of Jesus". The important factor in the development of a soul is love, which he defined as "the energy of a steadfast will, bent upon creating fellowship". Dr. Earl was President of Des Moines College for several years and therefore knew how to make this subject interesting for us.

October 24—Miss Downing gave a very interesting talk on "Friendship". One of the most impressive points she brought out was that to have a friend one must be a friend. The outstanding friendship of the ages was the one between Jesus and His disciples. Just as the disciples made a friend of Jesus, so we could make a friend of Him if we only would.

Before Miss Downing's talk Gwendolyn Bissel accompanied by Dena Schloes played a violin solo.

Scattered Family Notes

Marriages

Ora May Clapper, '22, to Mr. William Jennings Cleary on June 19, 1926. At Home, East Chicago, Indiana.

Veta Thorpe Nebel, '14, to Mr. Robert Ellsworth Brown on July 30, 1926, at Hillsboro, Ohio.

Thelma Olson, '19-'20, to Mr. Bernard Charles Beck on September 3, 1926, at Hartley, Iowa.

Lois Mary Hibbs, '21, to Mr. Paul R. Beck on September 4, 1926, at Des Moines, Iowa. At Home, Des Moines, Iowa.

Mariam Benario, '17-'19, to Mr. Joseph Corre on June 20, 1926, at Chicago, Illinois.

Edith Harris, '17-'19, to Mr. Lyman H. Hart of Butte, Montana, on August 15, 1926, at Chicago, Illinois.

Jane Weaver, '24, to Mr. Eza George Thieme on July 8, 1926, at Morrison, Illinois.

Eleanor Beaubien, '19-'20, to Mr. Harry B. Hoagland on July 17, 1926, at Whiting, Indiana. At Home, Woodstock, Illinois.

Marie Louise Palmer, '02-'06, to Mr. Alex Lubetkin on July 6, 1926, at Wichita, Kansas. At Home, Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

Prudence MacKenzie, '18, to Mr. U. George Bussan on July 31, 1926, at Davenport, Iowa. At Home, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Jeannette Patterson to Mr. Leon E. Slothower on August 16, 1926, at Rockford, Illinois. At Home after October 1, Warren, Illinois.

Wanda Evans, '22, to Mr. Morris E. Burt on October 9, 1926, at Los Angeles, California. At Home, Brooks Apartment, 248 South Western Los Angeles, California.

Alma Fenske, '18, to Mr. Walter T. Markow, on October 16, 1926, at Chicago. At Home after November 15, 1926, at 4201 North Mansfield Avenue, Chicago.

Clara Ruedebusch, ex-faculty, to Mr. Elton Capper Hocking on August 7, 1926, at Mayville, Wisconsin.

Esther Peterson, '20-'21, to Mr. Donald C. Purcell on August 28, 1926, at Mann Cottage, Clear Lake, Iowa. At Home, Hotel President, Kansas City, Missouri.

Helen Nisbitt, '24-'25, to Mr. Cole Ward on October 4, 1926, at Big Rapids, Michigan. At Home, Flint, Michigan.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Grieve (Florence Schlieker, '18) a daughter Marjorie Roberta, August 2, 1926, at East Chicago, Indiana.

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Moody (Neva Welch) a son Jack Earl, January 10, 1926, at Mount Carroll, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Bauer (Kathrena Williams) a son Paul S. Jr., May 23, 1926, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes, '15) a son William

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David, August 11, 1926, at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

To Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Sawyer (Martha Green, '10) a daughter Rosalind, October 2, 1926, at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Bodge Damon (Margaret McKee, '19) a son Russell Howe, September 13, 1926, at Springfield, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Carr, '26, passed the examinations of the College Entrance Board and has entered Mt. Holyoke College.

Helen Welty, '20-'21, graduated from the University of Iowa in June and is teaching in the high school at Blue Island, Illinois.

Mary Dudley, '22, has been honored with an appointment to a position on the faculty of Georgetown University, from which she was graduated in June. She will teach French.

Bess Kirtley, '20-'22, has been in charge of the Reserve Library in the School of Education at the University of Chicago where she is studying this year. Since leaving Frances Shimer she has attended Bucknell University for a year and has taught in the public schools of Dayton, Ohio.

Virginia Daniels, '26, has begun training in the School of Nursing of the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago.

Verne Davis, '26, has a position with the Chicago Tribune.

Marian Hopkins, '22, since her graduation from the Sargent School of Physical Education, has been an assistant in the Department of Physical Education in Breneau College, Gainesville, Georgia.

Pauline Luckey, '19, and May Tippet Mornier, '18-'19, and daughter Rosemary called at the School in July. Pauline returned to her position in the public schools of Pontiac in September, where she has been teaching since her graduation.

Pearl Graham Ely, '97-'98, called at the School in July. Her daughter Anita is a member of the college sophomore class, and her niece, Janet Graham, entered as a college freshman in September.

Thelma Fox, '20, who has been the efficient office secretary at Frances Shimer since her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, has been granted a leave of absence for the year 1926-27.

Jean McCloy, '25, passed the examinations of the College Entrance Board and has entered Wells College.

May Belle Harris Hornstein, '07, soprano, has achieved success in concert and oratorio work.

Mary Calkins Chassell, '84, died in March at the home of her sister, Elva Calkins Briggs, '81, after a long illness. Before her marriage Mrs. Chassell was a successful teacher for several years in Cedar Valley Seminary, Drake University, and Bethany College. Following her marriage she was active in the social and club life of Des Moines, where she lived when her husband, Mr. E. D. Chassell, was a state official.

Many Frances Shimer friends will regret to hear of the death of Florence Harper, '21, at her home in Chicago on August 13. The Record

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extends sincere sympathy to her parents and to her sister, Vera Harper, '26.

Julia Robbins Chapman, ex-faculty, sends greetings from her home in Tacoma, Washington.

Earl Smith, '01, is head of the department of piano in the Miami (Florida) Conservatory of Music.

Elizabeth Jackson, '22, is assistant to the Secretary of the Social Service Bureau of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Charlotte Hageman, '22, returned to School at the opening bringing her sister, Mary Elizabeth, to prepare for Vassar.

Marjorie Graham, '20, visited friends at the School in September. She is teaching history in the high school at Blue Island, Illinois.

Lolita White, '26, spent a day at School in September on her way to Washington, D. C., where she will enter Fairmount School for Girls.

Martha Barnhart, '24, spent the first week-end after the opening of school with Sophie Perry, '24, who entered Junior College after spending last year abroad.

Annemarie Weeks, ex-faculty, is living in Los Angeles, where she has a secretarial position.

Phyllis Marshall, '24, who was graduated from Emerson College, Boston, last June, is teaching this year at Farmington, Maine.

The attractive book plate used by the Iowa State Library was designed by Mary Brigham Johnson, '15.

Louree Hoffman, '22-'23, after two years of travel, is continuing her college work at Lake Forest College.

Selma and Yola Arosemena, '25-'26, returned to America in September and entered a business college in Trenton, New Jersey.

Julia Hickman, '14, has entered the University of Washington to complete her college work.

Judith Williams, '26, has begun training in the Illinois School for Nurses, Chicago.

Mary Salome Pfleeger, '20, is teaching in the Starrett School for Girls, Chicago.

Eleanor Seagren, '24, has a position in the offices of the Swedish-American Steamboat Company of Chicago.

Mildred Tingdale, '21-'22, is doing child-welfare work in Minneapolis.

Marjorie Thompson, '23, Leola Blow, '23, Waltressa Lunt, '25, were assistant counselors at a girls' camp in Wisconsin conducted by Lincoln Center, Chicago.

Eloise Tingley, ex-faculty, is now teaching in Florida Woman's College, Tallahassee.

Irene Friend Jockim, '19-'20, lives in Park Ridge. Since her marriage she continues her interest in dramatics, coaching plays and pageants.

Elia Campbell Whitman, '85, died in Seattle on September 20th. Mrs. Whitman and her husband, Rev. G. E. Whitman, spent more than thirty years in missionary work in China where their service brought untold

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blessings to hundreds of less fortunate daughters in China. Associated with them in their work were Rev. and Mrs. George Campbell, the former a brother of Mrs. Whitman. Mrs. Campbell will be remembered as Jennie Worthman by many students of the 80's. Mrs. Whitman had spent the past year on furlough with her son and daughter in Seattle and had expected to join her husband in China in the fall.

Ethel Powell, '22-'23, has a position with Marshall Field & Company Wholesale House.

Elizabeth Miles, '21, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Miles (Grace Coleman, '85) was married at the home of her parents on June 30, 1926, to Mr. Norval Franklin Myers. President McKee read the marriage ceremony. Thelma Fox, '20, and Hazel Downing, '23, acted as bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Myers will reside in Long Beach, California, where Mr. Myers is in charge of the inspection laboratories of the Union Oil Company.

Helen Moore, '19, has a secretarial position with the Illinois Trust Company of Chicago.

Greetings were received during the summer from Elizabeth Percy Konrad from Oxford, England, where she was taking graduate work in English.

Marie Palmer, '02-'06, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Moomey Palmer, 77, was married at the home of her parents in Wichita, Kansas, on July 6, 1926.

Mr. Carlos Smith, who attended Frances Shimer in the days of co-education, has been for twenty years a member of the faculty of Silliman Institute in Damaguete, P. I. Mr. Smith has recently sent back to Frances Shimer a copy of the program given in celebration of Silliman's Quarto-Centennial in August. The exercises included a pageant presenting the history, purpose, and progress of Silliman. For this event Mr. Smith had charge of the costuming and stage properties.

Mary Branson, '24, served as maid of honor at the wedding of Wanda Evans, '22, in Los Angeles on October 9, 1926.

Mihoe Nobahara, who completed her preparation for college at Frances Shimer has been teaching English in The Women's English College, Doshisha University at Kyoto, Japan.

Ruth Heller, '24, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June. She is spending this fall "trying to make mother a happy convalescent" but will return "to my pursuit of education" in February in the University of Colorado.

Alice Gibbs, '99, writes that for some years she has been the home keeper for an uncle in Twin Falls, Idaho, where she is active in state and local church work.

The engagement of Elizabeth Shattuck, '20, to Mr. Thomas J. Skellet of Minneapolis, has been announced.

Ruth Chiverton, '18, is teaching in the public school of Dixon. A former pupil of Ruth's, Mildred Yenerich, entered Frances Shimer Junior

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College in September.

Martha Brown, '88, called at the School in October while a guest at the home of Jessie Hall Miles, '87.

Friends at Frances Shimer were glad to welcome Helen Butler Deitrich, '24-'25, back for a week-end in October.

Jessie Miles Strickler, '82, and Mary Miles '95, plan to spend the winter in Honolulu with Helen Miles Strickler, '10, who is teaching there.

Florence Bastian, '95, and Mary Fry, '98, called at the School during the summer.

Eleanor Welch, '24, was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan last June and is now head of the English Department in the Chenoa High School.

Margaret Wilder, '26, spent her vacation at "Glenrulat" the summer home of her family at Rifle, Colorado. She will spend the winter traveling abroad with her father.

Marjorie Kiser, '26, has entered the course in Home Economics in the University of Indiana.

Ruth Estabrooks Kilbourn, '89, the Misses Edna and Mollie Estabrooks, '88, visited the School in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes, '15) and family will spend the winter in Caracas, Venezuela, where Mr. McKee will represent the firm of petroleum geologists of which he is a member.

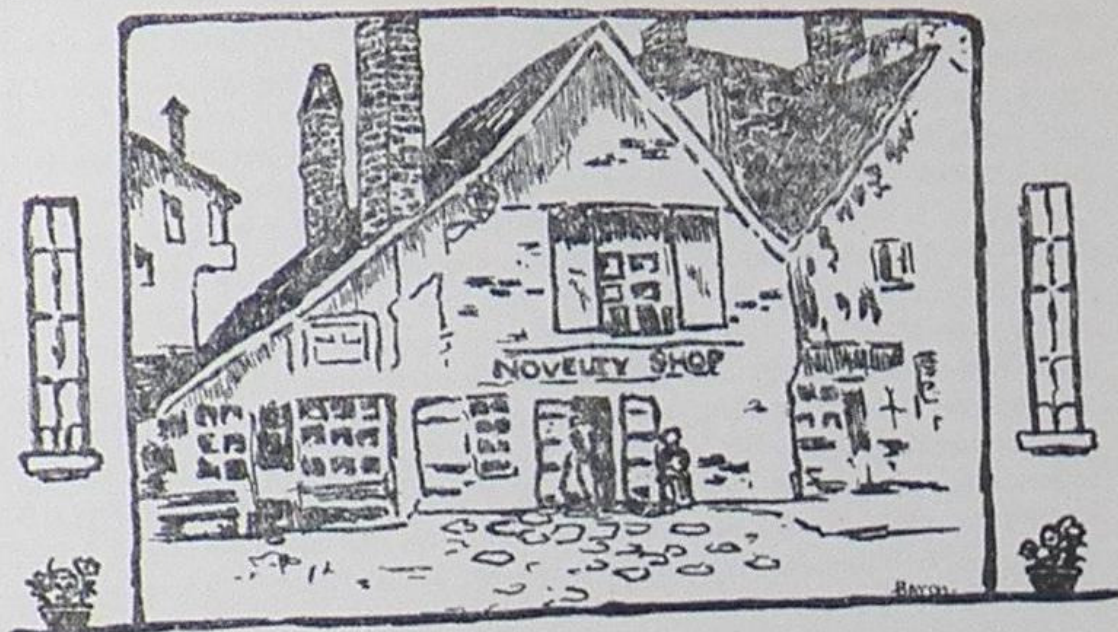
Mary Nourse, '99, has returned to America after spending several years teaching in China, and is now instructor in American History and Travel Geography in Dana Hall, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Florence Ream, '22, has a secretarial position in Elgin.

Josephine Ewing, '26, has entered the University of California.

Mabel Morris, '23, took her A. M. degree in June at the University of Iowa and is at present teaching in Morenci, Arizona. She writes that she expects to spend Christmas with Shirley Deen in Los Angeles.





"Bill" Bowen: "I had an apple and two pieces of cake in this drawer last evening. Did you see anything of them?"

Carr: "Oh, my no! I didn't even see the other piece of cake."

Wasson: "Say, Sally, I'll tell you something if you don't go blowing it all over the campus."

Sally Anne: "Oh, what is it? I won't tell!"

Kate: "You've got a big nose."

"The Scotch people are beginning to walk backwards."

"How's that?"

"So that they can save their front steps."

Passenger: "What makes this train so slow?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I'm not expected until train time."

Alice Gabriel: "Do you know what they call girls who go over to the Barbecue?"

Elinor Crist: "No. What do they call them?"

Alice: "Customers!"

June Foster: (After purchasing a stamp.) "Do I have to put it on myself?"

Post Office Clerk: "No, put it on the letter."

Aviator: "Half the people down there thought we were going to fall."

Passenger: "So did half the people up here."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Reine Baker: "What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"
Bill Edwards: "Hailing street cars."

Feature Column

"Knosey Al" says:

It may be Cupid who pierces the hearts with arrows, but it takes a pretty girl to draw the beaux.

Reading without thinking is as unwise as it is prevalent.

The height of painlessness is a splinter in a wooden leg.

Fashion simply means clothes that are being worn this week.

The supreme thrill is the electric chair.

Sarcasm is the sour cream of wit.

There is nothing so friendly as a wet dog.

Hard luck is a polite name for sleeping sickness.

If some people's faces were their fortunes, they would be in debt.

My Fountain Pen

Each morning, friendly fountain pen,

I dip you in the ink,

I press the lever on your side

And give you long to drink.

All day with loving fingers, I

Caress your shining curve,

I wonder if you realize

The reverence you deserve.

And since the understanding reached

I love you, fountain pen,

Come, and a resolution make

Not to be lost again.

Shimer

You want to go to Smith perhaps:

In search of a bunch of good timers,

There may be suggestions to make mayhaps,

But I should prefer good old Shimer.

Or maybe 'tis to Wellesley you'd go,

To find some teachers finer;

But if to find which way they blow,

You'd best come straight to Shimer.

Then, perchance your mind to Vassar should turn;

For want of campus sublimer.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Here, too, I'm sure you're soon to learn,
There are none to compare with Shimer.

Exchanges

THE JABBERWOCK, *Boston, Mass.*

Yours is a well arranged and well balanced magazine. We were thoroughly interested in all of it, and especially enjoy the poetry.

THE MARY BALDWIN MISCELLANY, *Staunton, Va.*

Your is another very interesting publication, containing many excellent features.

THE AEGIS, *Beverly, Mass.*

We like your magazine very much, especially the stories.

We acknowledge with appreciation the following exchanges:

WAYLAND GREETINGS, *Beaver, Dam, Wis.*

GRACELAND RECORD, *Lamoni, Iowa.*

INDUSTRIAL STUDENT, *Camp Hill, Alabama.*

THE DENISONIAN, *Granville, Ohio.*

RECORDER, *Winchester, Mass.*

THE TRADESMAN, *Boston, Mass.*

THE WABASH BULLETIN, *Crawfordsville, Indiana.*

T. B. RHODES
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MT. CARROLL, ILL. 1884



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